

Stranger Things in Derry by [piper_socks](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maggie Tozier, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

El isn't the only one with powers.

or

How Richie and Mike find each other through strange happenings.

Stranger Things in Derry

Author's Note:

I know, I know, there are like a bazillion AUs on here about Richie and Mike, but I wanted to write one of my own.

I mean sure it was weird. She never talked or looked up or anything. She just handed in her homework, got good grades, did classwork, but she always seemed to be crying. I know Stan says it's bullshit, but I kinda wanted to learn more about her. And if you know me, you know I don't usually like to learn. Sure I have glasses that Bev calls 'nerd glasses' but most of the time they're broken. It isn't my fault! Bill dragged us all on this crazy quest last summer that I'd rather not bring up, but anyway, back to the point. The girl. The only thing I've ever heard her say made no sense at all. It was on the first day of school when the teacher was calling roll, and she said, "Hopper, Jane," it was weird, let me say. The girl just brushed back tears and pretty much whispered, "Eleven," and all of us, including the teacher were like, "What the hell?" But obviously the teacher didn't want to mess with this creepy girl in the back of the room, so she just moved on. But this kid is in all my classes, and always wears this blue bracelet with a bead on it. Literally everyday. I'm not kidding. And I'm pretty sure I saw a tattoo on her wrist. So I'm confused. Is she like right outta juvie or just really weird. I don't know what kind of parents she has or anything, or why she just showed up here. Nobody ever comes to Derry. Ever. And I don't blame them. This afternoon I met up with the rest of the Losers at the Quarry. We go there afterschool to hang out and do homework and shit, but all I wanted to talk about was that girl. Everybody was pretty sick of me talking about her, but that didn't stop me. "So what do you guys think of that girl, Jane?" I asked for the seemingly millionth time. And for the seemingly millionth time, everybody groaned, and Bev said, "Ugh Richie, shut the fuck up!" I ignored them. "She has that weird tattoo, ya know?" there was an awkward silence before Stan said sarcastically, "Richie did you ever think about how maybe none of us give a fuck?" Ooh. That stung. Usually I talk like that. But I guess Stan was stealing my spot in the party. Shit. So I went home. As I was

walking up the front path to my house, someone came crashing out through the door of the one next to it. So I stopped. I mean, obviously. That house had been on the market since I'd lived in mine. So 13 years. I must have blinked or something because the next thing I knew someone was grabbing my arms and the next thing I knew I was face to face with...the weird girl who was possibly from juvie? She pushed her face so close to mine our noses were practically touching. Under her breath she hissed, "Where is Mike?" I blinked. Several times. "Uh Mike Hanlon? At the Quarry," she huffed and rolled her eyes, "No you idiot. Mike Wheeler. My God you guys are practically twins," I raised an eyebrow, then suddenly became conscious of her arms on mine. "Uhhh, I have a boyfriend," I muttered, looking down. She did have a tattoo! So I abruptly grabbed her wrist and squinted at the markings on her skin. "What's '011' mean?" she yanked her wrist away, staring daggers at me. "None of your business," so I tried something else. "Where you from?" she sighed, and a tear dripped down her cheek. "Indiana," she whispered, "Hawkins," "Never heard of it," I said bluntly. "I hadn't hear of this shithole Derry until now," she shot back, hastily wiping the tear away. "Most people haven't," I said happily, tucking my hands into my pockets. Without warning, she whipped my glasses off my nose, "Jesus!" I yelled, grabbing for them. "You look just like him," I hear her breathe. Everything was insanely blurry without my glasses. I waved my hands wildly, feeling for them. "WHERE IS HE?" she shouted, and I thought I heard the plastic frames snapping. "I don't know!" I screamed. My dad was going to kill me if I broke another pair, "I've never heard of a fucking Mike Wheeler in my life," she shoved my glasses onto my face, and I could see that she was full out crying. Her door banged open, a tall guy who obviously hadn't shaved in a while came thundering out onto the lawn, pulling the girl away from me. "Shhh, shhh," he whispered, his voice low. Needless to say it was really awkward. "Go inside El, go on honey. I'll be there in a minute," he pushed her gently on the back, and she ran, sobbing into the house. I pushed my glasses up my nose and stood there as the guy turned to face me. His glare immediately turned into a look of shock, "Holy sh*t she's right," he breathed, then his expression turned dark again. "Listen kid. El's a fragile girl. She was abused as a little kid, and I brought her here to protect her. She left behind a...special kid who looked a heck of a lot like you. She'll never leave it behind her if you're popping up around every corner. Understand?"

I leaned back slightly, hoping he wouldn't notice, "Yes, sir," I breathed. "Good," he said, standing up and shoving back towards my house and walking back towards his, lighting a cigarette on his way. I ran into my house terrified. "Meet the new neighbors, honey?" my mom yelled from the kitchen. "Yeah!" I called back, my voice shaking. I ran up to my room as fast as I could, collapsing onto my bed and slamming the door behind me. So this girl I know nothing about suddenly runs up to me and asks if I'm her boyfriend? And then her dad who's probably one of those guys who sleeps with a rifle is after me to keep out of their way even though it's kind of inevitable that we run into each other? God, my life sucks right now.

I woke up the next Saturday to yelling from my open window. Sticking my head through the frame, I looked down, catching the girl's dad gripping another kid by the shoulders and shaking him. Kind of aggressively. "HOW COULD YOU DO SOMETHING SO STUPID?" the guy bellowed. The kid's shoulders were shaking and I'm pretty sure he was crying. From my view it looked like his shirt was torn and bloody and his black hair was probably in a bowl cut. He wore an old green and brown backpack, full to bursting. The guy yelled more, "I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT YOU WOULD COME TO SEE HER! YOU'RE BREAKING HER HEART!" I could now hear the kid's sobs echoing up from the ground, "You took her away without me knowing!" the kid yelled, the pain in his voice striking. "I thought she was dead! Dead!" and he broke down sobbing, crumpling into the guy's chest. It was obvious that they'd known each other a long time and had a deep bond, but that didn't stop me from being a little worried about the kid. From hearing about Bev's dad I knew how evil adults could be. Not my parents of course, but plenty of adults out there treat their kids like shit. So I ran downstairs and onto the lawn. Slamming open the front door startled both people, who I discovered were standing about 300 feet away. The older guy glared at me, and the teenager whipped his head around. I stopped dead. The kid looked just like me. Like shoved-in-a-copier-and-made-a-copy-for-fifty-cents like me. Minus the glasses, we were literally identical. I wasn't the only one to interrupt the argument though. Jane or El or whatever her name was came running out onto the porch, her face splitting into a smile the moment she caught sight of the teenager.

They ran for each other, the teenager ripping away from Mr. Hopper (I mean that's what neighbor girl's last name was so I guess that's him?), and ran to embrace El. They kissed and I tried to look away but couldn't. The kid's face! It was fucking scary! Eventually the two broke away, both of them crying. After what seemed like an eternity of awkwardness, El seemed to notice me. "Oh, Richie!" She said, happy for the first time since I'd seen her. "This is Mike! Mike, this is Richie! My neighbor!" I waved awkwardly and so did he. His arm was draped casually around El's shoulders, an obvious sign of affection and protection. El was simply radiant. Sure I'd thought she was pretty, but she also scared the shit out of me, so I'd never talked to her. Good thing. My mom came out onto the lawn, yelling for me to come in for breakfast. She stopped when she saw Mike. "My...my goodness," she stammered, then broke down, "Mom?!" I cried, rushing over to her, helping her up. She hugged me tightly (so tightly in fact that I almost passed out from lack of oxygen) and then stumbled over to Mike. "Mike," she whispered, stroking his hair. Mike audibly leaned away, shooting me a look, like "who is this crazy lady and why does she know me?". That kind of look. We all sort of stood there for a while before she realized she was surrounded by people. She sucked a breath in and began to talk, "Mike and Richie, you're brothers," "I couldn't tell," I whispered under my breath. She shot me a look. "You were both raised in Indiana, in a top secret government lab along with five other children, one of which is standing here with us," she nodded at El, who was crying more heavily now. Mike's mouth had dropped open, and I rubbed my wrist, a nervous habit I have. My mom glanced down at my hands and continued, "Both of you as well as four of the other children were rescued from the lab at young ages. I don't know how, but we managed to overlook one child and leave her behind," she was staring at El now, and went to embrace her. "I'm so so sorry sweetie," she cried into El's shoulder. Wiping at tears, she choked out the rest of the story, "We agreed to spread you out, to take you all over the US to be safe. I guess one set of parents forgot," Mike shook his head solemnly, "Actually, the rest of us are still in Hawkins," my mom gasps, "Oh I had no idea. Did they find you?" Mike shakes his head again, still grimacing. "I guess we led normal lives until we found El in the woods three years ago. She escaped on her own," my mom started crying again, and went to hug El. Again. It was getting kind of sappy and annoying. So I interrupted, "So are we staying in Derry?"

My mom wiped her eyes and replied, “I don’t know Richie. It would be the safer option, but now that you two have met-,” “Screw safety!” Mike said, suddenly smiling. I laughed and high-fived him excitedly. That’s when Bill came staggering onto my lawn, clothes ripped and bloodstained. “Holy shit what happened to you?” Mike and I said at the exact same time. Grinning at each other, we went over to help Bill.

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed!!